All Saints.

All Saints! their very names are hid
From every memory of earth,
Yet round the throne they sing amid
The armies of the glad new birth.

All saints! we pray, dear Lord, that thou
Will count us in that blessed band,
Whom shall we meet—but see not now—
On that eternal shining strand.

Steadfastness.

BY J. G. WINEY.

'But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned, and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them.' II. Tim. 3 : 14.

It sometimes takes a great amount of labor and persuasion, by the embassador of Christ to convince the sinner that he is on the downward way to ruin, and to destruction. In many instances he is wilfully obstinate, laboring directly against his own better discretion. But in other instances, as soon as he is convicted and convinced of his sin and folly, he is ready to say with Saul of Tarsus, 'what will thou have me to do Lord?' This my own experience has taught me. Some will find fault and criticise almost every good thing you tell them; criticise even some of the plain behests of the Bible—well I do not exactly ascribe it to them, but to the adversary working in them. You know, dear christian reader that as soon as a sinner becomes concerned about his soul's salvation and becomes convicted in the very core of his heart, of 'sin and of a judgment to come' and begins to 'tremble' then spiritual war begins in earnest. The devil will throw all kinds of stumbling blocks in his way, and in a thousand different ways will try to ensnare him, and will try to convince him that there is no reality in the religion of Christ, and that he cannot hold out faithful, that he can have no pleasure in this life. He will now turn to the professed christianity and will point out some hypocrite and will say, 'see here is Bro. B. he is a member in the C—church and he will cheat and lie, he is no Christian and over there is Mrs. Sims, she meddles in every body's business but her own and tattles and peddles everything she hears. She is a good member of the—church, and do you suppose she is a Christian? And here are others that make loud professions and long fervent prayers so that one unacquainted with their doings and daily walks would suppose were real Christians. But follow their lives and see, some will go to the saloon, ball room, play billiards, go to dances, have church festivals, grab games, lotteries etc. Some are following the vain and foolish fashions of this world; the females will lace themselves so they cannot draw a full breath, will wear their shoes so tight as to injure their health, and have the 'corn' upon the toe, and that detestable 'bustle'—these and thousands of other things the devil will bring before the sinner to keep him away from God.

The devil, in the beginning, told some truth and he can tell truths yet, as for instance in the above; but he just tells the sinner the bad side of the question. We must admit that in the foregoing there are some truths and will say if they are truths let us learn and profit thereby.

But now we want to turn the scales and see what is contained on the other side. 'But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned,' the text says. What are the things? you may ask. Timothy, that worthy christian, learned the' things —God's word, his commands, his statues, his laws, from God through his Apostle Paul and others of his disciples. 'But continue thou'—an individual cannot be a Christian one day and a hypocrite the next. We cannot change our religion as we do our garments—lay them aside and put them on again at our own will and pleasure. Paul once said, 'except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved.' Neither can the christian professor be saved unless he abide in the gospel ship. He that will endure to the end shall be saved. Dear friends this is a life work. We have but one lifetime in this world, and so we live and die and the Judgement will find us either for weal or woe.

'But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned.' What have we learned? and of whom? we have learned from Christ and his ancient followers, humility, obedience, love for one-another, gentleness, meekness, faith in God, perseverence, long-suffering, kindness, we have learned to 'Rejoice evermore, to 'pray without ceasing,' to give thanks in all things, to not quench the Spirit, to 'prove all things' to 'abstain from all appearance of evil,' let love be the ruling element in our hearts. We have learned that we can and do have a conscience void of offense toward God and our fellow-man, to let our light so shine that we have been with and learn of Christ, best of all we have learned that Jesus is our best friend, and that he is the only potentate the King of kings and Lord of Lords, the only Savior of the world.

We have learned two from God's word that we were sinners of the darkest dye. 'For I was alive without the law once but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died.'—Paul.

Dear reader we are glad we learned from God's word that if we persisted in our sinful career and live and die in that awful condition, where God and Christ, the Holy Angels and all the sainted dead are, we can never come. These and thousands of other things the christian has and will learn in the book of God. Now friendly sinner, if you persue these lines, think seriously of your awful condition, and think too your master, the devil has nothing to give you in the end; but you must be doomed with the wicked 'where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched' in the maelstrom of perdition.

Now dear brethren and sisters a word of admonition and I will close. We who have espoused the cause of Christ—let us walk in the light of the gospel, live consistent with our profession so that our light will not become darkness to them that are without. Our lives and daily good conduct will speak louder and will be more effective than our preaching. 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.'

A Call to Sinners.

Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings. Behold we come unto thee; for thou art the Lord our God. Jeremiah 3 : 22.

The words of the Prophet Jeremiah need to be rehearsed in our ears. I suppose no one for a moment will doubt. If so, go to the east, the west, the north, the south, talk up the cause of christianity, and on every side, in every vale, on mountain top, in cities, and towns, and village, can be found those who once professed a love for their Redeemer, and are to day serving satan in the ranks of sin. To such we say, 'Return, ye backsliding children! Truly the husks of this world's follies are not the satisfying portion to the soul; they build not upon the waste places. But we do not need to go far from home to find a great deal of blacksliding in the church. There were those who in times past were active in the service of the Lord, now because formal, indifferent, dormant, lethargic, yea, dead;—what shall we say to arouse such? The hosts of Satan are pressing on to victory. The body in combat are not divided; many are their devices to allure and tempt; sin soon conceives, and on the Devil's ground we as professors are found, and what is the result? He claims us, he has a right to; has he not? Christian professor, why art thou going in yonder saloon? Why tempt ye the Lord your God? Think you Jesus will occupy the heart, when strong drink has dethroned reason, and evil alone is within? Think you that Jesus will plead always with and for you to deliver out of temptation, when you walk boldly in? You are on the territory of King Satan, the Prince of powers of the infernal regions, where the lake of fire and brimstone is preparing for him and his angels after the millennial reign, and his last attempt to capture the saints of the Most High. You are trespassers on forbidden ground, and you know it. As you attempt to go there, does not a still small voice call aloud within thy breast, 'Go not there—no place for a Christian.' Dost thou parley reason, or doubt? Satanic influence is used and thou art bound first in his slavery chains. My liberty! My liberty! is all I want. Go not there, for there thy liberty will soon leave thee and thou shalt be bound and carried away captive. Go not there, peradventure when thou wantest thy liberty thou wilt be bound. Go not there, mothers are crying, children are calling with pinched features and ragged clothes and shoeless feet, and haggard looks. Go not there!

Return, ye backsliding children. Return, I will heal your backslidings, I will love you freely.' Hosea, O hear the invitation, the music falls on the ear in soft refrain, the melody is intense, the heavens open, and me thinks angels call, 'Return, return, I will love you freely.' But there are other god's we are estranged after, not alone 'Bacchus' the god of revelry, drunkenness, sin and shame. Another has arisen to call another side of the house. See yonder large plate glass windows decked with jewels, costly and rare, see those gaudy and late arrivals from New York, from London, from Paris, from the Devil.

Who is that army standing, gazing, going in and viewing with each other in praises, 'O how beautiful! O how lovely!' are these lowly flowers of the crucified on Calvay's cross? Are these professors of Jesus' name, covenanted to walk in his ways and renounce the pomp and fashion of this wicked world? O where the baptismal vow? Where the love which once we felt swell in our bosoms for that Savior whom we promised to love, follow and meekly too, yea in the valley of humility. 'Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord.' 'Be not conformed,' says the Apostle, meekly adorned as women professing godliness,' says another. 'Return ye backsliding children.' I will love you freely. Stay not on forbidden ground. The applause of this world on giddy butterflies is as mush in a hog's mouth, it is not there long. Soon you must leave this vale of tears, soon you must meet that lowly, poor despised Saviour in bright realms of glory, then you might receive a robe of righteousness, but not if you follow Satan's cohorts in arraying yourselves in the giddy fashions of this day and age of the world. But says one, 'I am not the least bit proud, no not I.' So says the peacock as he looks for a place where he can see his splendid plumage, (natural tho thank God) reflect to his own eye, see him, he is not proud, no not he. It is some one else. The fashion of this world passeth away, the money worse than wasted. O how many orphan children are needing it for bread and milk. Why not sisters give it to charity, dress neatly, plainly and you will find favor with all sensible people. Had God created women as we see them on the streets following fashion. Our army of surgeons extending round the world would find employment unceasing, and funerals would be abundant of excrescences not at all need. It will be all you can do to get to heaven through the narrow way stripped of self, sin and fashion, how think you carrying the world along? Sacrifice them! Sacrifice them, ye daughters of Zion, or God will sacrifice you and the kingdom of Satan will claim his own.

Have you noticed that some are eating, eating between meals, and saying how hungry they are? Did you see that hollow cheek, the sunken eye, the impaired appetite the peevish thirst, the gnawing of the stomach, the complaint of headache, dizziness etc? Did you notice the continual moving of the jaws to and fro, up and down? What meaneth all this? We go to the statistics of the nation and find over $350,000,000 used to keep this and a fire burning and a chimney smoking in—men's mouths. Yes, men's mouths. Great God, and what is all this? Hast thou given bread that satisfieth not, or meat that does not strengthen? Hast thou commanded of the children of men, 'Go find a stimulant to eat at all times and thou goest up to worship take it along peradventure thy appetite will crave it more than' prayer or praise, take it along. Defile the temple of the Holy Ghost, the temple dedicated to God, the sanctuary also, the garments ye wear, the air so pure, make foul, and then look towards heaven and say, 'all this O Father, I do for Jesus' sake!!

'Return, ye backsliding children. Return, I will heal your backslidings, I will love you freely. But says one, 'We cannot return. We are bound by the accursed chain; I would give the half I am worth had I not formed this habit. Alas! Alas! I am a slave, I am a slave, I cannot quit.' Hast thou considered this waste of the Lord's money?